

raging billows and raging winds and often soothed storm-driven hearts, He must have stirred up a hundred storms for every storm that He stilled. He could hardly enter a home without dividing its inmates and precipitating a conflict between good and evil. Men could not sit still in His presence. They simply had to get up and take one side or the other. And that always meant a disturbance. He was always disturbing the existing order, and He has been disturbing it ever since. We have been saying that the world never saw such a disturbance as our horrible war. Tush! The Prince of Peace has been turning this world—the brains and hearts and homes and schemes and businesses and ideas and ideals of men—upside down and right side up with a ceaseless crash for nineteen centuries.

And yet we call Him the Prince of Peace. Why do we call Him the Prince of Peace? Is it merely a poetic title? Perhaps John will ask us that question. Is Jesus in any real sense the Prince of Peace?

We can answer this question by asking another. If I should go down into the slums and shake things to pieces and make them over again; if I should shake the minds and hearts and dark sleeping places and darker schemes of brutal men to pieces and make them over again; if I should put life where there was death, love where there was hate, purity where there was uncleanness, sacrifice where there was selfishness, law where there was